

THE "DAILY NEWS"

CARRIER BOYS' ADDRESS,

TO THEIR PATRONS,

JANUARY 1ST, 1881.

*We come once more to greet our Patrons dear
Just at the opening of the New-born Year,
As we have reasons to believe and think
That for the Newsboys you've some **READY CHINK**.
SUGAR, some call it, others call it **TIN**,
No matter what, long as we scoop it in,
So please **SHELL OUT**, we know you'll not refuse
Unto the Carriers of the "Daily News."*

Now on the threshold of another year
We wish you all Dear Friends much hearty cheer,
And pray that Time from his prolific store
Will peace and plenty on you ever shower,
And when we ring the knell of Eighty-one
May all the ills that now perplex be gone;
Unto that place which poets call the bourne,
From which ne'er mortal man, nor ills return.
But since Life's horoscope we can't forecast,
Let us Dear Patrons, just review the Past.
When the Old Year began its young career
It found full many filled with doubt and fear,
With heavy hearts and pockets scant of cash
And gloomy prospects of obtaining *cash*;
He'll wear a long face, be he saint or sinner
Who lacks the *needful* to obtain a dinner,
Then friends will cut you whatso'er your creed;
If you should want them to be "friends in need."
Oh, the sin of sins, above all other crimes,
Is when a fellow's destitute of *dimes*!
But when your pocket's bulging out with money
Friends swarm around you as do bees round honey,
They'll lend or give you, when you're not in need,
For "*Dimes and Dollars*" is the popular creed!
Thus many felt twelve months ago to-day,
But Angel Hope saw a faint glimmering ray.
And well our Patrons know, "*THE DAILY NEWS*"
Bid them cheer up and cast away the *blues*,
In spite of darkness, better times anon,
Was on the wing to brighten up St. John;
And now we see around on every hand
Throughout this vast and favored happy land:
Fair Peace and Plenty smile on every side
And Commerce floating on each varied tide,
Our stalwart sons returning every day
From foreign shores whom hard times drove away.
Our coffers booming with a plenteous store
Yet "*THE DAILY NEWS*" boy's prayer's a *little more*.
Don't think him impious or call him rash,
There's always music sweet in *ready cash*.
Progress is stirring, and soon linked will be
The vast Atlantic and Pacific sea,
And thousands soon will gaze with wondering eyes
Upon our Far West, with a glad surprise,

And the oppressed of every creed and clime
Find home and comfort till the doom of time,
We will not swerve one-jot, for we are bent
To build the Railway to the Occident.
Now we'll retrace our steps, nor further roam
But speak quite briefly of some things at home.
St. John we sing! with an ecstatic lyre,
Who from the ashes of devouring fire
Has sprung to life more vigorous than before,
Her commerce spreading as in days of yore,
The white-winged pinions of her merchant fleet
In seas and waters o'er the world compete.
Our Exhibition, each who saw confess,
Was truly grand and proved a great success,
Progress is written now on every side,
A Line of Steamships to the Mersey's tide
Is sure as fate, and we'll a secret tell
Although it will not please *Bluenoses* well—
St. John the Winter Port, Dame Nature says,
Reason and commerce her behest obeys,
Halifax scowl, or try thy level best,
The things a fact and there we'll let it rest!
Our Wallace Ross a chap that's ever pliant,
Rowed lengths away from the Australian giant.
We mingle tears with members of the Bar
And mourn the loss of our refulgent star
Whose matchless eloquence no more we'll hear
Late S. R. Thomson, unto memory dear,
And lesser lights that from us now have fled
And like the past year numbered with the dead.
And many mourned and shed a heartfelt tear,
As they stood sorrowing o'er Judge Fisher's bier,
Upright, impartial, merciful and just,
Who never faltered, peace unto his dust!
Dear Friends we'll end and bid you all Good Cheer;
May Health and Plenty through the New Born Year
Attend your footsteps whereso'er you stray,
Sweet dreams by night, and glorious hopes by day
And may Dame Fortune never on you frown
To dark your pathway, sink your spirits down,
And when Life's sun sinks in the western shore
May Faith reveal the sun that sets no more.
But till you reach those bright and heavenly joys
Just please remember us *THE CARRIER BOYS*.